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THE

Cries of Banbury

AND LONDON,

AND

Celebrated Stories.

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BANBURY:

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The Drummer goes round,
T' intice, if he can,
Young master and miss
To his caravan.

POOR ROBIN.

The north winds do blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will Poor Robin do then,
poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing,
poor thing!

Here Oranges sweet,
From China are come:
Here Apples and Pears,
And sweet Orline Plum.

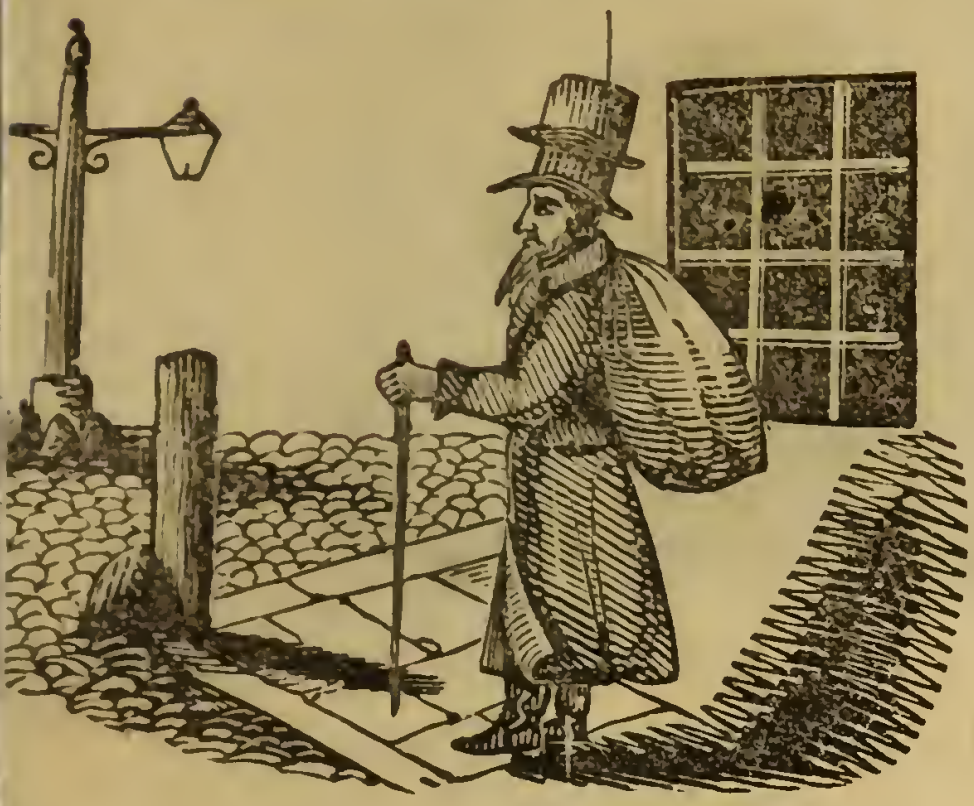
PITY THE POOR.

Pity a poor old man,
Who trembles at your door;
His days the shortest span,—
Relieve, and bless your store.

The Tumbler's expert,
On feet or on hands;
Turns summersets, vaults,
Or on his head stands.

THE SPIDER.

Come, Jenny, good spinner,
Come down, to your dinner,
And taste the leg of a fly;
Then all you good people
Look near the church steeple,
And see a good boy who don't cry



This man cries Old Clothes !
To buy or to sell ;
Hats, coats, shoes, and hose,
What more I can't tell.

THE GRENADIER.

o comes here ?
Grenadier,
at d've want ?
pint of beer.

Where's your money ?
I forgot ;
Get you gone, you
Silly sot.

Black your Shoes, your honour?

Here's Finiky Hawkes,
As busy as any;
Will well black your shoes,
And charge but a penny.

Story:—Fingers of the Feet.

Let us go to the wood? said this pig
And what shall we do there? says t
pig.
To look for my mother, said this pig.
She's gone for my father, says that p
They'll come home to dinner, said t
pig.

Now the Dustman's arrived,
To earn him a crust, O;
To take off your refuse,
So down with the dust, O!

There were two Blackbirds
Sat on a hill;
The one was nam'd Jack,
And t'other Jill:
When Jack flew away,
Around the mill;
Then Jack did return
To Mistress Jill.

The Postman hurries forth,
To bring you daily news;
From east, west, south, or north,
T'instruct and to amuse.

There was a man of Thessaly,
He was not wondrous wise;
He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes:
But when he found his eyes were ou
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another hedge,
To scratch them in again!

Tussaud's Beef-eater pay,
To see her famed wax-work;
Kings, queens, and ladies gay,
Or English, French, or Turk!

Little Willie Winkie
Runs through all the town,
Both up stairs and down stairs,
All in his night-gown;
Rapping at the window,
And crying through the lock—
Are children in their beds?
For now 'tis eight o'clock!

Dame Dolly's shrill cry,
Repeated by brats;—
"Kind customers buy
Dame Dolly's fine sprats?"

Here's hub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And how do you think they got there?
Butcher and Baker
Candlestick-maker
Jump'd out with roasted potatoe!
'Twas enough to make a man stare.

Here Strawberries, the best,
Nice Hautboys, fresh and fine;
With cream, by all confest,
Delicious vespertine.

An old woman sat spinning,
And that's the beginning:
She had a calf,
And that is half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it o'er the rail:
And that's my story all,
Except one of Dog Ball.

Here, ladies, are cotton,
Combs, needles, and laces;
For gentlemen—razors,
And shoe-strings, and braces.

I once saw a little bird,
Come, hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, My little bird,
Come, stop, stop, stop.
Was going to the window
To say—How d'ye do?
But he shook his little tail,
And far off he flew.

The Milk-woman's here,
With pails, to avow
Her cream and her milk
Are fresh from the cow.

Hush a bye, baby,
On the tree-top;
When the wind blows,
Cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
Cradle will fall;
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all!

RY
TORONTO

The Wheelwright makes his wheel,
For carriage, strong and good;
Of iron, or wood, or steel,
To gain a livelihood.

There was an old woman,
Who lived in a shoe;
Had so many children,
Didn't know what to do;
So she gave them some broth,
Without any bread;
Then whipt them all soundly,
And sent them to bed.

LIBRA
UNIVERSITY OF

Potatoes and apples,
And peas, the fat marrow,
Dame Durgin can sell you
From her well-stored barrow.

FINE OYSTERS.

My fine Native Oysters,
Fresh and fine, are the best,
For court or for cloisters,
For yourselves or your guest.

Here—Rabbits, wild and tame,
Here—Rabbits great and small,
From warren-royal came,
I wish to please you all.

As I was going to Banbury,
Upon a summer's day;
My dame had butter, eggs, and fruit,
And I had corn and hay:
Joe drove the ox and Tom the swine,
Dick took the foal and mare,
I sold them all—then home to dine,
From famous Banbury fair.